RETALIATION:

A

POEM.

By DOCTOR GOLDSMITH. (Oliver) the Poet

INCLUDING

EPITAPHS

ON SOME OF THE MOST

Diſtinguiſhed WITS of this METROPOLIS.

The THIRD EDITION, corrected.

With EXPLANATORY NOTES, and OBSERVATIONS.

LONDON:

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M. DCC. LXXIV.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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TO

MR. KEARSLY,

BOOKSELLER in FLEET-STREET.

SIR,

IN *ſome part of Doctor* GOLDSMITH'S *Works, he confeſſes himſelf ſo unable to reſiſt the hungry attacks of wretched Compilers, that he contents himſelf with the demand of the fat Man who, when at Sea, and the*

Crew

Crew in great want of Proviſions, was pitched on by the Sailors as the propereſt ſubject to ſupply their wants: He found the neceſſity of acquieſcence, at the ſame time making the moſt reaſonable Demand of the firſt cut off himſelf for himſelf. *If the Doctor in his Life-time was forced by theſe Anthropophagi to ſuch capitulations, what reſpect can we* now *expect from them? will they not dine on his memory? To reſcue him from this inſult, I ſend you an authentic copy of the laſt poetic Production of this great and good Man; of which, I recommend an early publication, to prevent ſpurious Editions being uſhered into the World.* —— Doctor Goldſmith *belonged to a club of* Beaux Eſprits, *where Wit ſparkled ſometimes at the expence of Good-nature.* — *It was propoſed to write Epitaphs on the Doctor;*

Doctor; *his Country, Dialect and Perſon, furniſhed ſubjects of Witticiſm.* — *The Doctor was called on for* Retaliation, *and at their next meeting produced the following Poem, which I think adds one Leaf to his immortal Wreath.*

RETA-

RETALIATION:

A

POEM.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each gueſt brought his diſh, and the feaſt was united;
If our (*a*) landlord ſupplies us with beef, and with fiſh,
Let each gueſt bring himſelf, and he brings the beſt diſh:

(*a*) The Maſter of the St. James's Coffee-houſe, where the Doctor, and the Friends he has characterized in this Poem, held an occaſional Club.

Our (*b*) Dean ſhall be veniſon, juſt freſh from the plains;
Our (*c*) Burke ſhall be tongue, with a garniſh of brains;
Our (*d*) Will ſhall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And (*e*) Dick with his pepper, ſhall heighten their ſavour:
Our (*f*) Cumberland's ſweet-bread its place ſhall obtain,
And (*g*) Douglas is pudding, ſubſtantial and plain:

(*b*) Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

(*c*) Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greateſt orators in this kingdom.

(*d*) Mr. William Burke, late ſecretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

(*e*) Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Granada, no leſs remarkable in the walks of wit and humour than his brother Edmund Burke is juſtly diſtinguiſhed in all the branches of uſeful and polite literature.

(*f*) Author of the Weſt Indian, Faſhionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

(*g*) Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windſor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no leſs diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a *Citizen of the World*, than a *ſound Critic* in detecting ſeveral literary miſtakes (or rather *forgeries*) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and *Bower's Hiſtory of the Popes.*

Our

Our (*h*) Garrick's a ſallad, for in him we ſee
Oil, vinegar, ſugar, and ſaltneſs agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That (*i*) Ridge is anchovy, and (*k*) Reynolds is lamb;
That (*l*) Hickey's a capon, and by the ſame rule,
Magnanimous Goldſmith, a gooſberry fool:
At a dinner ſo various, at ſuch a repaſt,
Who'd not be a glutton, and ſtick to the laſt:

(*h*) David Garrick, Eſq; joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane. For the *other parts* of his character, *vide* the Poem.

(*i*) Counſellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Iriſh bar, the *reliſh* of whoſe agreeable and pointed converſation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above ſauce.

(*k*) Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Preſident of the Royal Academy.

(*l*) An eminent Attorney, whoſe hoſpitality and good-humour have acquired him, in this Club, the title of 'honeſt Tom Hickey.'

Here,

Here, waiter, more wine, let me ſit while I'm able,
'Till all my companions ſink under the table;
Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good (*m*) Dean, re-united to earth,
Who mixt reaſon with pleaſure, and wiſdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At leaſt, in ſix weeks, I could not find 'em out;
Yet ſome have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That ſly-boots was curſedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good (*n*) Edmund, whoſe genius was ſuch,
We ſcarcely can praiſe it, or blame it too much;

(*m*) Vide Page 6. (*n*) Ibid.

Who,

Who, born for the Univerſe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up, what was meant for mankind.
Tho' fraught with all learning, yet ſtraining his throat,
To perſuade (*o*) Tommy Townſend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, ſtill went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a ſtateſman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, diſobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to purſue the *expedient*.
In ſhort, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

(*o*) Mr. T. Townſend, Member for Whitchurch.

Here lies honeſt (*p*) William, whoſe heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulſe, it forc'd him along,
His conduct ſtill right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipſy, the chariot drove home;
Would you aſk for his merits, alas! he had none,
What was good was ſpontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honeſt Richard, whoſe fate I muſt ſigh at,
Alas, that ſuch frolic ſhould now be ſo quiet!
What ſpirits were his, what wit and what whim,
(*q*) Now breaking a jeſt, and now breaking a limb;

Now

(*p*) Vide Page 6.

(*q*) Mr. Richard Burke; *vide* page 6. This gentleman having ſlightly fractured

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teazing and vexing, yet laughing at all?
In ſhort ſo provoking a Devil was Dick,
That we wiſh'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick.
But miſſing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wiſh'd to have Dick back again.

Here (*r*) Cumberland lies having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

tured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on thoſe accidents, as a kind of *retributive* juſtice for breaking his jeſts upon other people.

(*r*) Vide page 6.

His

His gallants are all faultleſs, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being ſo fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies ſo loſt in a croud
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say was it that vainly directing his view,
To find out mens virtues and finding them few,
Quite ſick of purſuing each troubleſome elf,
He grew lazy at laſt and drew from himſelf?

Here (*s*) Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The ſcourge of impoſtors, the terror of quacks:
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come and dance on the ſpot where your tyrant reclines,
When Satire and Cenſure encircl'd his throne,
I fear'd for your ſafety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our (*t*) Dodds ſhall be pious, our (*u*) Kenricks ſhall lecture;
(*x*) Macpherſon write bombaſt, and call it a ſtyle,
Our (*y*) Townſhend make ſpeeches, and I ſhall compile;

(*s*) Vide page 6.

(*t*) The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

(*u*) Mr. Kenrick lately read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the Title of 'The School of Shakeſpeare.'

(*x*) James Macpherſon, Eſq; who lately, from the mere *force of his ſtyle*, wrote down the firſt poet of all antiquity.

(*y*) Vide page 9.

New (z) Lauders and Bowers the Tweed ſhall croſs over,
No countryman living their tricks to diſcover;
Detection her taper ſhall quench to a ſpark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies (a) David Garrick, deſcribe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleaſant in man;
As an actor, confeſt without rival to ſhine,
As a wit, if not firſt, in the very firſt line,
Yet with talents like theſe, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he ſpread,
And beplaiſter'd, with rouge, his own natural red.

(z) Vide page 6. (a) Vide page 7.

With

On the ſtage he was natural, ſimple, affecting,

'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting:

With no reaſon on earth to go out of his way,

He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day;

Tho' ſecure of our hearts, yet confoundedly ſick,

If they were not his own by fineſſing and trick;

He caſt off his friends, as a huntſman his pack,

For he knew when he pleas'd he could whiſtle them back.

Of praiſe a mere glutton, he ſwallow'd what came,

And the puff of a dunce, he miſtook it for fame;

'Till his reliſh grown callous, almoſt to diſeaſe,

Who pepper'd the higheſt, was ſureſt to pleaſe.

But let us be candid, and ſpeak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye (*b*) Kenricks, ye (*c*) Kellys, and (*d*) Woodfalls ſo grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave?
How did Grub-ſtreet re-echo the ſhouts that you rais'd,
While he was beroſcius'd, and you were beprais'd?
But peace to his ſpirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the ſkies:

(*b*) Vide page 13.

(*c*) Hugh Kelly, Eſq; Author of Falſe Delicacy, Word to the Wiſe, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

(*d*) Mr. William Woodfall, Printer of the Morning Chronicle.

Thoſe

Thoſe poets, who owe their beſt fame to his ſkill,
Shall ſtill be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakeſpeare, receive him, with praiſe and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his (*e*) Kellys above.

Here (*f*) Hickey reclines, a moſt blunt, pleaſant creature,
And ſlander itſelf muſt allow him good-nature:
He cheriſh'd his friend, and he reliſh'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper:
Perhaps you may aſk if the man was a miſer?
I anſwer, no, no, for he always was wiſer;
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat;
His very worſt foe can't accuſe him of that.

(*e*) Vide page 16. (*f*) Vide p. 7.

Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And ſo was too fooliſhly honeſt; ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye,
He was, could he help it? a ſpecial attorney.

Here (g) Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiſer or better behind;
His pencil was ſtriking, reſiſtleſs and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averſe, yet moſt civilly ſteering,
When they judg'd without ſkill he was ſtill hard of hearing:

(g) Vide page 7.

When

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and ſtuff,

He ſhifted his (*b*) trumpet, and only took ſnuff.

(*b*) Sir Joſhua Reynolds is ſo remarkably deaf as to be under the neceſſity of uſing an ear trumpet in company; he is, at the ſame time, equally remarkable for taking a great quantity of ſnuff: his manner in both of which, taken in the point of time deſcribed, muſt be allowed, by thoſe who have been witneſſes of ſuch a ſcene, to be as happily given upon *paper*, as that great Artiſt himſelf, perhaps, could have exhibited upon *canvas*.

THE END.

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